

I remember the screaming. I remember the shouting and the arguing. She begged him not to go. She begged on her hands and knees like she was the little child who saw one-too-many shut off notices, "Please don't leave. Please don't leave your grandchildren. We can figure something out. There's always a way. You taught me that."

That was twenty-five years ago. Fifteen years ago, that choice came to a head. It lead to starvation, death, and evil. His choice to go back to the very same organization that left him alone in the wilds of Vietnam would leave him -and his daughter to die.

That choice was by design by God. In the end, it all is. We don't always see that until whatever God has planned comes to pass in our view as humans. That choice led to people seeing the power of God and how from death, can come life. People who would never know the love of God and the resilience of the human spirit saw it with their own eyes. Maybe...maybe God brings us to the brink of destruction and damnation only to swoop us up at the last moment. Maybe He plans our individual trials so that we may cut off a dark cyst on our soul and become not a different person but the person we are meant to be.

I remember asking God, as a child, to make me a leader; whatever it takes. Now, I must cease to run away and head to Nineveh and accept that I got what I asked for. I asked God to give me the ability to lift others from their own personal Hell and now I accept the gift of pain and accusatory anger so that I can better understand humanity's plight. I know we can do so much better than what we are doing now; as a species that is.

The following story you are reading is comprised of both real events, real people, real places, and real accounts of miracles that defy our understanding of the laws of the universe. It is also supported by fictitious events, people, and places. It is held by those fictional things because they are what I wished happened. In creating this, I hope to cut out this reluctance to let go.

When the mob, and the press, and the whole world tells you to move, your job is to plant yourself by the river of truth and tell the world, "No, you move."